

Whispering Pulse

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Whispering Pulse

by [Yikes \(Mr_CoralFlower\)](#)

Summary

detailed, fluffy smut by an author with over 200K words of smut-writing experience. that's all this is. 18+

Notes

hi! minors hit the back button and dont comment on this please.

this is in second person pov which means "you" is george. i know its weird, i get that a lot, you dont need to remind me in the comments. just give the fic a chance since ur starved for this kind of content anyway lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream is always beautiful, always so hot, always perfect, but you especially admire the way he looks like this, legs spread for you, eyes pleading silently, hands held unrestrained above his head because you told him to and he's always good for you. Not in the real world, not in your day to day life, but like this, in the bedroom, he obeys you, and every time it gives you such a thrill. He's letting you finger him right now, squirming and gasping and looking at you like you sabotaged his

hardcore world.

"George, *please* stop teasing, please just move on and--"

"Hush," you tell him, and he whimpers, grinding down onto your fingers. "Be patient, lovely, I just want to make sure you're fully prepared. Let me take care of you."

He breathes in shakily and makes a strange hiccupping noise, and you realise he's crying. He turns his face to the side to hide it, but he keeps his hands where they are, so you don't worry too much about him.

"What is it?" you ask, and Dream sobs.

"I love you," he says. "George, you're so good to me, I love you so much. Don't stop, please don't stop, I promise I'm okay, just emotional."

"It's alright," you tell him softly, reaching up with your free hand to wipe his tears away. "I'm here, Dream, I've got you."

He nods, biting his lip and then crying out when you curl your fingers into his front wall.

"Oh, right there--"

You smirk at him and make a point of not hitting that spot again until you've added a third finger, and by that time he's given up on words in favour of just pouting at you.

"Are you ready?" you ask him, and he nods, clenching briefly around your fingers. His cock twitches. It's very hot. Everything about him is hot. You pull your fingers out and slide on a condom, then add more lube just for good measure.

"Please," he gasps, and you kiss him softly on the cheek as you line up.

"Of course, Dream, here we go," you say, beginning to push in. His head tips backwards, and his back arches as the tip slides in, opening him up. He's so warm, and you have to blink a couple times to get your vision to focus again.

"George," he says, fingers twitching. "Can I-- please-- I want to hold your hand."

Oh. Your heart stutters in your chest, and you nod, kissing the tip of his nose as you reach up to take his hands. He cries out because you slide further into him with the motion, and your throat tightens, because there's a tear sliding sideways down his face.

"Are you alright?" you ask, letting go of one of his hands to cradle his face instead.

"Yes," he says. "Yeah, George, I'm perfect, it just-- it feels really good, and I love you so much. My shoulders ache a bit, though."

Your breath catches as you pull his hands down to give his shoulders a break, and he wraps one arm around your waist. You keep holding that other hand as you kiss him, and he lets out a groan and tilts his head up into it like he wants to give you everything he has.

"Are you ready for more?" you murmur against his lips, and you hear the catch of his breath as he eagerly nods. So you cautiously push further in.

The sound he makes is beautiful, full of want. He wraps his legs around your waist, and that makes everything shift. You make an embarrassing high-pitched noise, and hide your face in the crook of

his neck as the warmth and tightness overwhelms you. He's so perfect, inside and out, and you don't always know how to deal with it. He chuckles at you breathlessly, and you feel the vibrations in his throat. He's just asking to be bitten, laughing at you that way, so that's what you do, turning it into a groan with gentle teeth searching for a good spot, and it's really hot to know you can get that reaction with only a threat of biting.

His legs tighten around your waist, pulling you deeper, and the arm around you moves upwards so he can press on the back of your head.

"You can bite," he gasps, and you groan into his neck at his eagerness and at the feeling of being so deep inside him. You bite down, and he whimpers as you lick soothingly across the spot and then latch back on, just sucking now. You want to mark him. You want evidence. He's breathing hard, he has a handful of your hair now that he's holding tight, and it's incredibly gratifying to see all his desperation laid bare for you. "Please fuck me, please move, I'm ready for it."

You decide the hickey is good enough at this point, and lift your head from his neck to get a better look at him. He's gorgeous, back arched for you, eyes half-lidded, lips parted to let his breath through. You begin pulling out, and he reacts so perfectly, clawing at the sheets, tugging on your hair. It's hard to keep track of where each groan comes from, but you know at least some of them are yours.

"I love you," you whisper into his lips, half without realising it, and his eyes go wide because it isn't something you say very often the way he does.

"I love you too," he says, hugging you tightly. "I love you, George, I love you so much. You're so perfect, so good to me, please fuck me, please--"

You cut him off with a kiss and he sighs into your mouth as you thrust back into him. He's so tight and warm and perfect, and you love him, you truly do.

"Yes," he gasps, breaking the kiss. "Yes, like that, George, *please*. More?"

"You're such a good boy, Dream," you tell him, and he clenches around you. You fuck him gently, carefully, and he keeps moving his hips, grinding into your thrusts like it isn't enough. You're waiting for him to say something about it. "You're so obedient for me, aren't you, darling."

"Please fuck me harder," he says, tilting his hips up, and you smirk at him, thrusting in particularly hard. His moans start climbing higher in pitch as you keep fucking him, and he lets his head fall back again, exposing the smooth expanse of his neck to you, exposing the angry red mark that'll turn into a hickey by morning. You want to leave another one, so you get to it, nibbling at his skin as you fuck him. He sounds so perfect, it's really getting to you at this point.

"George," he says. "George, George, *George*, I'm close, please touch me?"

Oh, but he's just wonderfully sweet, asking you to touch him instead of doing it himself.

"Yes, love, I've got you," you murmur against his neck, dragging your fingers down his skin and revelling in the way his back arches, the way he tries to press against you with a whimper of your name. "So sweet for me, Dream, so good. My good boy."

"Please," he says again, so you take him in your hand and stroke him, once, twice, and then he's crying out your name and clinging to you as he comes. He's clenching around you, and it's impossible to hold on any longer with the way he's writhing beneath you, gasping your name. It's transcendent, the way it feels to be inside of him while he comes, like he's consuming every last bit

of you and building something new within your heart out of the pieces. And he lets you be in charge, but you're his as much as he's yours, if not more. You lay together afterwards and he traces circles on your skin with an idle finger as he snuggles up under your chin.

"You marked me up real nice, George," he says slyly, and you feel a tired thrill run through your abdomen at the thought of seeing those marks tomorrow. It's not enough to get you going again, but it still feels electric. "Everyone's gonna know someone wrecked me."

"Well, good," you mumble, kissing him so he has to stop trying to turn you on again. He melts into it, and you pull him close and think *I love you*.

End Notes

comment if you feel like it but dont be a dick ty uwu

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